NO. 1 MAY 17

5¢ NICKEL COMICS

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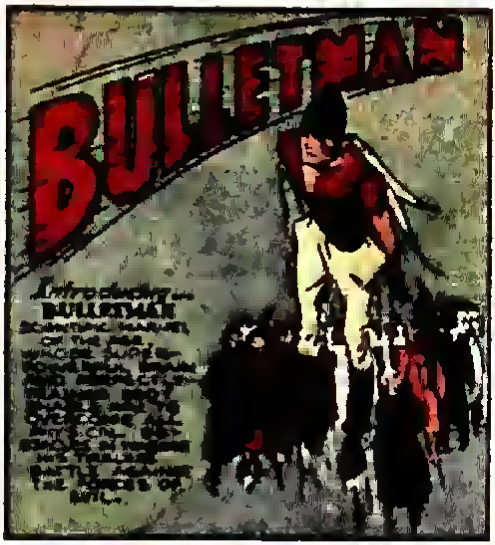
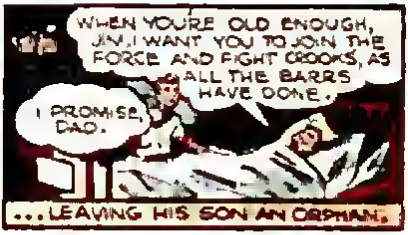
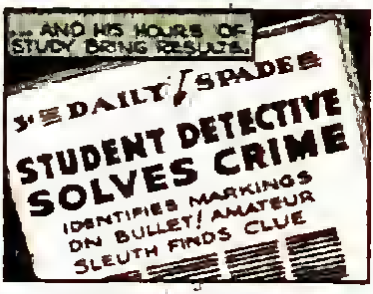
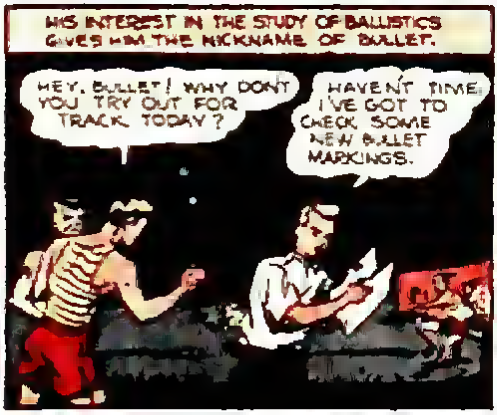

BULLETMAN
Introducing... BULLETMAN

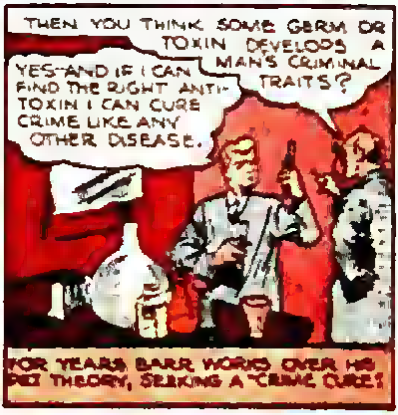
YOU'RE TOO HONEST FOR THIS CITY, COPPER.
PAT BARR, FEARLESS POLICE SERGEANT, IS RUTHLESSLY SHOT DOWN BY GANGSTERS...


WHEN YOU'RE OLD ENOUGH, JIM, I WANT YOU TO JOIN THE FORCE AND FIGHT CROOKS, AS ALL THE BARRS HAVE DONE.
I PROMISE, DAD.
...LEAVING HIS SON AN ORPHAN.

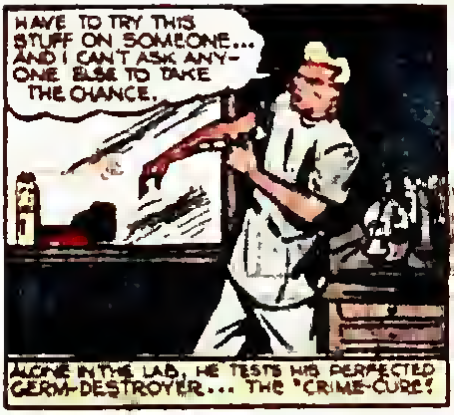
IN SCHOOL JIM BARR WAITS IMPATIENTLY FOR THE DAY HE CAN DON A UNIFORM...
"EVEN IF I'M NOT OLD ENOUGH TO JOIN THE FORCE, I CAN STUDY SCIENTIFIC CRIMINOLOGY ANYWAY."


...AND HIS HOURS OF STUDY BRING RESULTS.
THE DAILY SPADE
STUDENT DETECTIVE SOLVES CRIME
IDENTIFIES MARKINGS ON BULLET! AMATEUR SLEUTH FINDS CLUE


HIS INTEREST IN THE STUDY OF BALLISTICS GIVES HIM THE NICKNAME OF BULLET.
HEY, BULLET! WHY DON'T YOU TRY OUT FOR TRACK TODAY?
HAVEN'T TIME. I'VE GOT TO CHECK SOME NEW BULLET MARKINGS.

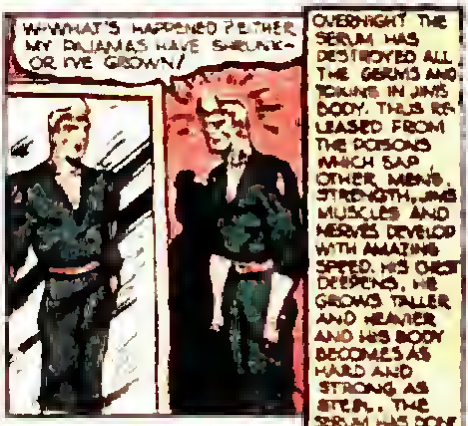

THEN YOU THINK SOME GERM OR TOXIN DEVELOPS A MAN'S CRIMINAL TRAITS?
YES—AND IF I CAN FIND THE RIGHT ANTI-TOXIN I CAN CURE CRIME LIKE ANY OTHER DISEASE.
FOR YEARS BARR WORKS OVER HIS DIET THEORY, SEEKING A "CRIME CURE."

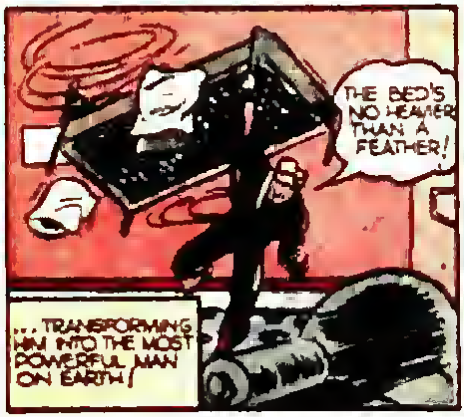
AT LAST JIM BARR IS OLD ENOUGH TO FULFIL THE PROMISE MADE TO HIS FATHER,
NOW FOR THE EXAMINATION... AND THEN I'LL BE ON THE FORCE!
POLICE DEPT.
I'VE FAILED! TOO SHORT... TOO SKINNY... BAD MARKSMANSHIP... THIS WOULD HAVE BROKEN DAD'S HEART IF HE'D LIVED.
POLICE DEPT.
BUT YEARS SPENT IN THE COLLEGE LABORATORY HAVE TAKEN THEIR TOLL. JIM IS REJECTED.
YES, WE NEED TRAINED MEN IN THE POLICE RESEARCH LABORATORY. BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE A CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION.
THAT OUGHT TO BE A CINCH.
HIS SCIENTIFIC TRAINING STANDS HIM IN GOOD STEAD.
THE FINGERPRINTS CHECK, SERGEANT. ROD LONIGAN IS THE BANDIT, ALL RIGHT.
WE'LL THROW OUT A DRAG NET FOR HIM RIGHT AWAY.
...AND TWO WEEKS LATER JIM IS WORKING WITH THE POLICE AS A CIVILIAN LABORATORY CRIMINOLIGIST.
THE OFFICERS, LED BY KENT, KID "BULLET BARR" UNMERCIFULLY.
YOU CAN'T CATCH CROOKS WITH SCIENCE, SHERLOCK. IF A RAT WON'T TALK, A RUBBER HOSE WILL MAKE HIM.
OKAY, SERGEANT KENT... BUT I THINK I'VE GOT SOMETHING HERE AT LAST.
DON'T LISTEN TO THEM, JIM. A UNIFORM DOESN'T MEAN EVERYTHING.
SURE, I KNOW. BUT IF THIS SERUM TURNS OUT RIGHT, THERE WON'T BE ANY CROOKS PRETTY SOON.
ONLY SUSAN, KENT'S DAUGHTER AND SECRETARY TO THE CHIEF, BELIEVES IN JIM.


HAVE TO TRY THIS STUFF ON SOMEONE... AND I CAN'T ASK ANYONE ELSE TO TAKE THE CHANCE.
ALONE IN THE LAB, HE TESTS HIS PERFECTED GERM-DESTROYER... THE "CRIME-CURE"!

THAT NIGHT...
I GUESS THE SERUM'S A FAILURE, UNLESS IT TAKES A LONG TIME TO WORK.

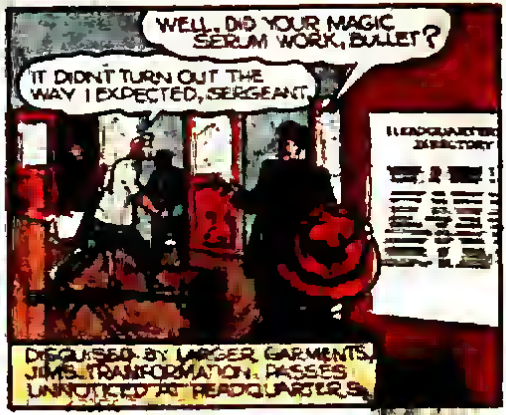
I'M HUNGRY ENOUGH TO EAT A HORSE. SAY-WHAT'S THAT? MY PAJAMAS ARE SPLITTING!


WHWHAT'S HAPPENED? EITHER MY PAJAMAS HAVE SHRUNK-OR I'VE GROWN!
OVERNIGHT THE SERUM HAS DESTROYED ALL THE GERMS AND TOXINS IN JIM'S BODY. THUS RELEASED FROM THE POISONS WHICH SAP OTHER MEN'S STRENGTH, JIM'S MUSCLES AND NERVES DEVELOP WITH AMAZING SPEED. HIS CHEST DEEPENS, HE GROWS TALLER AND HEAVIER AND HIS BODY BECOMES AS HARD AND STRONG AS STEEL. THE SERUM HAS DONE ITS WORK....


THE BED'S NO HEAVIER THAN A FEATHER!
...TRANSFORMING HIM INTO THE MOST POWERFUL MAN ON EARTH!

I'VE ALWAYS WANTED A WINDOW IN THAT WALL...
AMAZED, JIM TESTS HIS NEW STRENGTH.

THIS IS THE LARGEST SIZE WE HAVE... NOTHING ELSE WILL FIT YOU.
I'LL TAKE IT. GOT ANY LABORATORY SMOCKS?
NOT WISHING TO AROUSE COMMENT, HE BUYS A COMPLETE OUTFIT OF OVERSIZED CLOTHING.

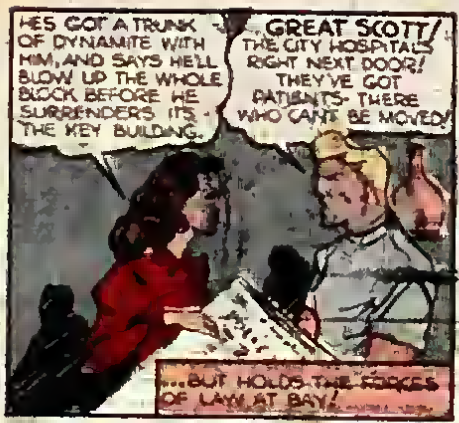

WELL, DID YOUR MAGIC SERUM WORK, BULLET?
IT DIDN'T TURN OUT THE WAY I EXPECTED, SERGEANT.
HEADQUARTERS DIRECTORY
DISGUISED BY LARGER GARMENTS, JIM'S TRANSFORMATION PASSES UNNOTICED AT HEADQUARTERS.

MAGIC SERUM IS RIGHT! AND I'M THE ONLY MAN IN THE WORLD WHO KNOWS ABOUT IT.
HE BEGINS TO REALIZE THE TREMENDOUS POWER OF THE SERUM...

...AND IMAGINES WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN IF THE SECRET FELL INTO THE HANDS OF CRIMINALS WHO WOULD MISUSE THE SERUM.

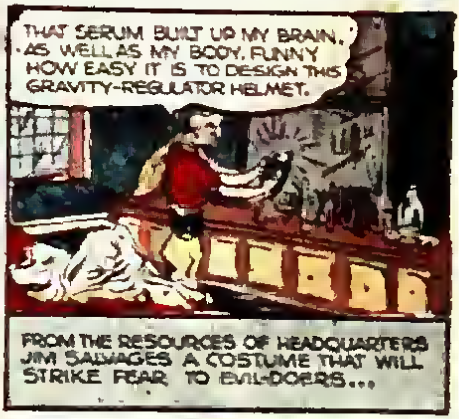
OH, JIM-- YOUR EXPERIMENT DIDN'T FAIL, DID IT?
YES, SUSAN. I'M AFRAID IT DID.
JIM DECIDES TO DESTROY THE SERUM FOR THE SAKE OF HUMANITY.

THERE'S JUST BEEN A RIOT CALL. ROD LONIGAN'S BARRICADED HIMSELF IN HIS HIDEOUT, AND THE POLICE HAVE SURROUNDED THE BUILDING. I DON'T KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN.
CAN'T THEY USE TEAR GAS?
BARR LEARNS THE GANGSTER KILLER HAS BEEN TRAPPED....


HES GOT A TRUNK OF DYNAMITE WITH HIM, AND SAYS HE'LL BLOW UP THE WHOLE BLOCK BEFORE HE SURRENDERS ITS THE KEY BUILDING.
GREAT SCOTT! THE CITY HOSPITAL'S RIGHT NEXT DOOR! THEY'VE GOT PATIENTS THERE WHO CAN'T BE MOVED!
...BUT HOLDS THE FORCES OF LAW AT BAY!

AFTER SUSAN LEAVES, JIM GLANCES AT THE PAPER.
THE TRUMPET
POLICE HELPLESS AGAINST KILLER
DO WE NEED A NEW ROBIN HOOD?

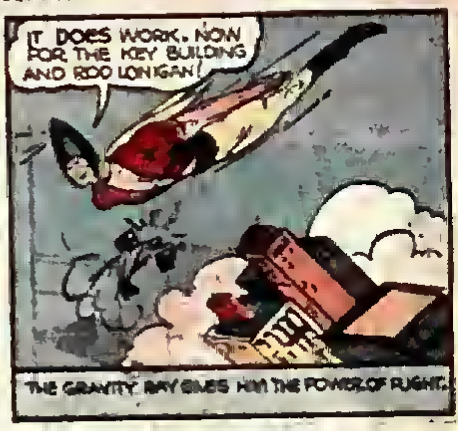
A NEW ROBIN HOOD! THAT ISN'T A BAD IDEA.


THAT SERUM BUILT UP MY BRAIN, AS WELL AS MY BODY. FUNNY HOW EASY IT IS TO DESIGN THIS GRAVITY-REGULATOR HELMET.
FROM THE RESOURCES OF HEADQUARTERS JIM SALVAGES A COSTUME THAT WILL STRIKE FEAR TO EVIL-DOERS...

AND A NEW ROBIN HOOD IS BORN!
...IF THIS HELMET WORKS, I'LL BE ABLE TO FLY BY MAKING THE FORCE OF GRAVITY WORK IN ANY DIRECTION.

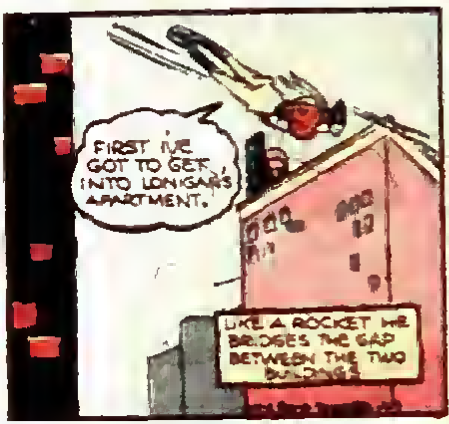
SOMEBODY'S COMING! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE-- BUT HOW?
SUDDENLY A KNOCK COMES ON THE DOOR

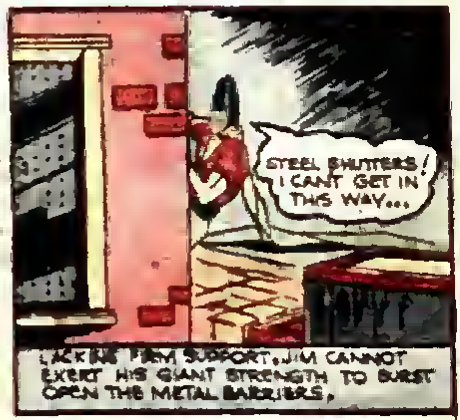
NO TIME TO TEST THE GRAVITY-HELMET... BUT I HOPE IT WORKS!
JIM TAKES A DESPERATE CHANCE TO AVOID DETECTION.


IT DOES WORK. NOW FOR THE KEY BUILDING AND ROD LONIGAN!
THE GRAVITY RAY GIVES HIM THE POWER OF FLIGHT.

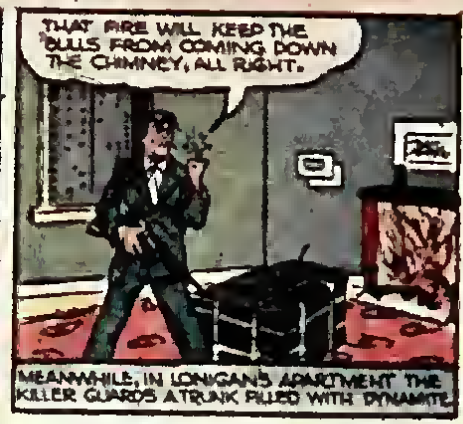
GREAT SCOTT! LOOK AT THAT! I'M SEEING THINGS!
WHY HE SHOT UP LIKE A BULLET! I'VE GOT TO PHONE MY PAPER... THIS IS A SCOOP, IF THE CITY EDITOR WILL BELIEVE ME.
A REPORTER IS AMONG THE CROWDS THAT SEE THE FLYING MAN.

SO THAT'S ROD LONIGAN'S HIDEOUT.
JIM REACHES HIS DESTINATION.


FIRST I'VE GOT TO GET INTO LONIGAN'S APARTMENT.
LIKE A ROCKET HE BRIDGES THE GAP BETWEEN THE TWO BUILDINGS.


STEEL SHUTTERS! I CAN'T GET IN THIS WAY...
LACKING FIRM SUPPORT, JIM CANNOT EXERT HIS GIANT STRENGTH TO BURST OPEN THE METAL BARRIERS.

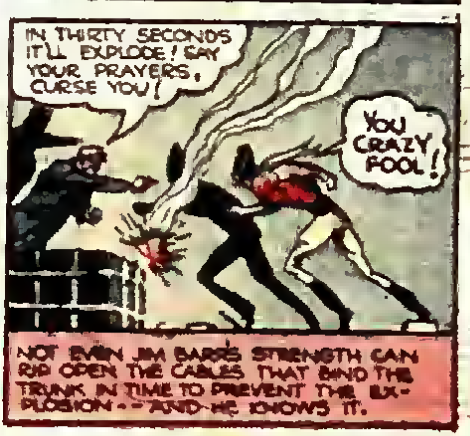
THERE'S NO WELCOME SIGN ON THE MAT, BUT I'M COMING IN ANYWAY.

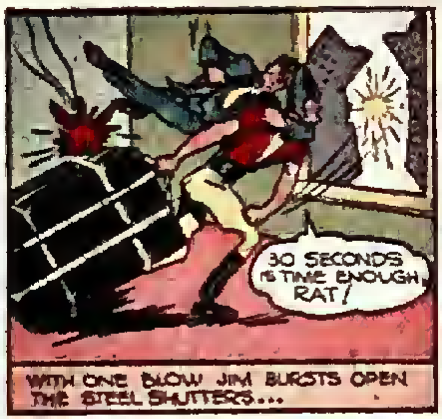

THAT FIRE WILL KEEP THE BULLS FROM COMING DOWN THE CHIMNEY, ALL RIGHT.
MEANWHILE, IN LONIGAN'S APARTMENT THE KILLER GUARDS A TRUNK FILLED WITH DYNAMITE.

"LOOKS HOT DOWN THERE. I'D BETTER TAKE A SHORT CUT."
SWIFTLY JIM BARR DESCENDS THE CHIMNEY...

HEY! W-WHAT--
SORRY, BUT THE DOOR WAS LOCKED.
...AND BURSTS THROUGH THE WALL ABOVE THE FIRE-PLACE INTO LONIGAN'S APARTMENT.

YOU WON'T NEED THIS.
YOU'LL DIE WITH ME-- AND HALF THE CITY, I HOPE!
AS JIM WRENCHES THE MACHINE GUN FROM THE STARTLED THUG'S HAND, LONIGAN IGNITES A FUSE ON THE HUGE TRUNK.


IN THIRTY SECONDS IT'LL EXPLODE! SAY YOUR PRAYERS, CURSE YOU!
YOU CRAZY FOOL!
NOT EVEN JIM BARR'S STRENGTH CAN RIP OPEN THE CABLES THAT BIND THE TRUNK IN TIME TO PREVENT THE EXPLOSION--AND HE KNOWS IT.

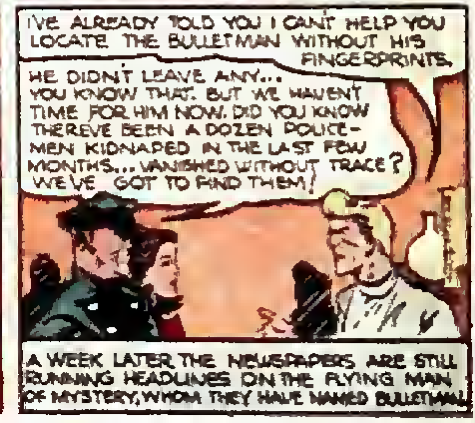

30 SECONDS IS TIME ENOUGH, RAT!
WITH ONE BLOW JIM BURSTS OPEN THE STEEL SHUTTERS...

FORE!
...AND USES HIS MIGHTY STRENGTH TO HURL THE DEATH TRUNK A MILE INTO THE AIR...

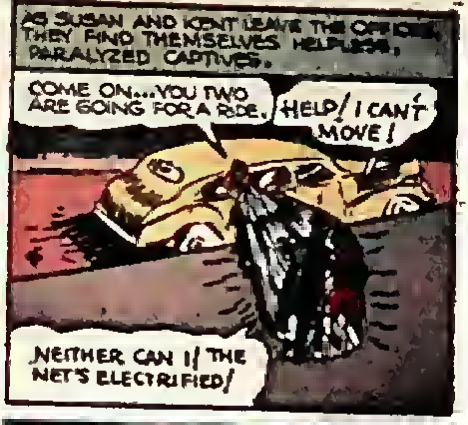
BOOM!
WHERE IT EXPLODES HARMLESSLY!

LET ME GO! HELP!
IF I LET YOU GO NOW, YOU'D NEED HELP.
HOLDING HIS CAPTIVE, JIM CLIMBS AWAY FROM THE WINDOW...

HELP! I'LL FALL!
YOU'LL BE SAFE TILL THE POLICE UNHOOK YOU.
...AND LEAVES LONIGAN HELPLESS, DANGLING FROM A LOFTY FLAGPOLE.


I'VE ALREADY TOLD YOU I CAN'T HELP YOU LOCATE THE BULLETMAN WITHOUT HIS FINGERPRINTS.
HE DIDN'T LEAVE ANY... YOU KNOW THAT. BUT WE HAVENT TIME FOR HIM NOW. DID YOU KNOW THEREVE BEEN A DOZEN POLICE-MEN KIDNAPED IN THE LAST FEW MONTHS... VANISHED WITHOUT TRACE? WE'VE GOT TO FIND THEM!
A WEEK LATER THE NEWSPAPERS ARE STILL RUNNING HEADLINES ON THE FLYING MAN OF MYSTERY, WHOM THEY HAVE NAMED BULLETMAN!

BLACKMASK SPEAKING. GET SERGEANT KENT. TAKE HIM TO THE USUAL PLACE. THAT IS ALL.
MEANWHILE IN A SECRET HIDEOUT NOT FAR AWAY, A SUPER CRIMINAL ISSUES A COMMAND.

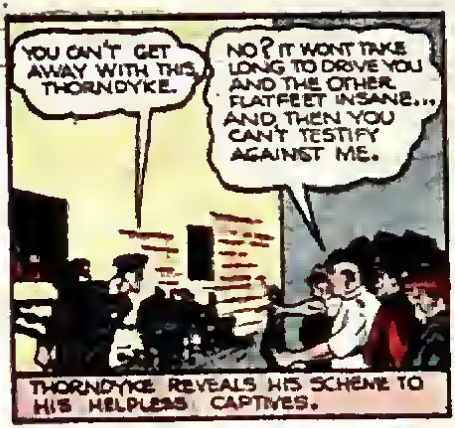

AS SUSAN AND KENT LEAVE THE OFFICE, THEY FIND THEMSELVES HELPLESS, PARALYZED CAPTIVES.
COME ON...YOU TWO ARE GOING FOR A RIDE.
HELP! I CAN'T MOVE!
NEITHER CAN I! THE NET'S ELECTRIFIED!

I CAN'T REACH THEM IN TIME...BUT THIS SHOULD HELP.
JIM WITNESSES THE ABDUCTION FROM HIS WINDOW FAR ABOVE, AND THROWS A BOTTLE OF LIQUID ON THE CAR'S ROOF.

THERE THEY ARE! THE PHOSPHORUS DID THE TRICK.
RUSHING HOME, JIM DONS HIS BULLETMAN COSTUME AND ROCKETS HIGH OVER THE CITY TO SEARCH FOR THE KIDNAPPERS...

THE HIDEOUT OF THE THUGS, A LUNATIC ASYLUM RUN BY KEN THORNDYKE, CROOKED

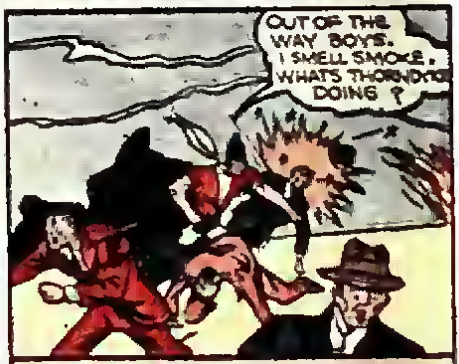
THAT DIDN'T TAKE LONG. NOW TO FIND SUSAN AND SERGEANT KENT.
WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT, BULLETMAN PURSUES.



THORNDYKE REVEALS HIS SCHEME TO HIS HELPLESS CAPTIVES.

A FIENDISH PLAN TO DISCREDIT THE CITY'S POLICE FORCE.

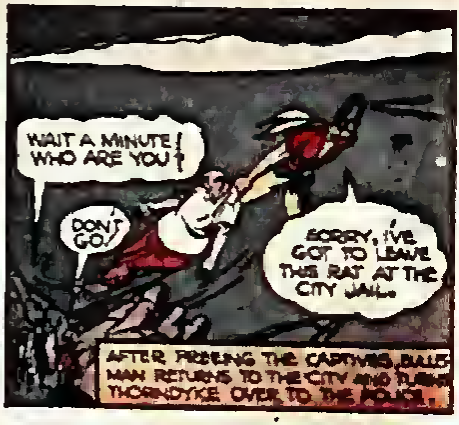
WRENCHING OFF THE WINDOW BARS BULLETMAN DIVES INTO THE ROOM.

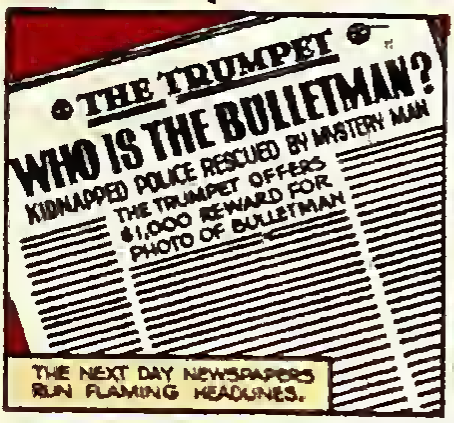


TRAPPED, THE CROOKED SUPERINTENDENT SETS THE BUILDING ON FIRE.

THE ASYLUM IS DOOMED!

WITH FLASHING SPEED BULLETMAN SHOOTS ACROSS THE VALLEY...



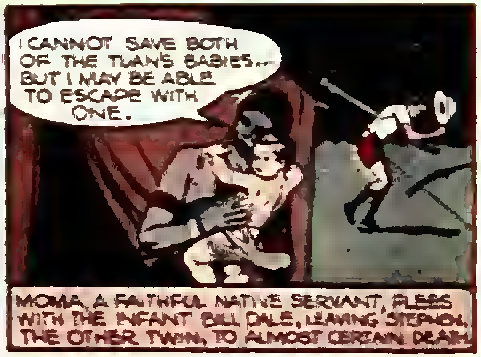


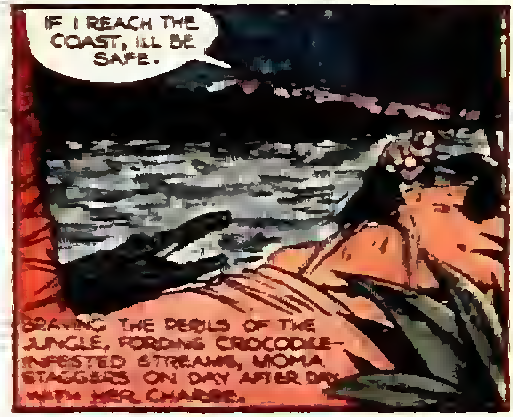
WHAT WILL JIM DISCOVER? WHAT MYSTERY IS BEHIND THE TRUMPET'S REFUSAL TO PRINT THE PHOTO? AND WHAT NEW PERILS WILL BULLETMAN FACE WHEN HE AGAIN ENCOUNTERS BLACKMARK, THE SUPER-CRIMINAL? FOLLOW BULLETMAN'S UNCEASING WAR AGAINST CRIME IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

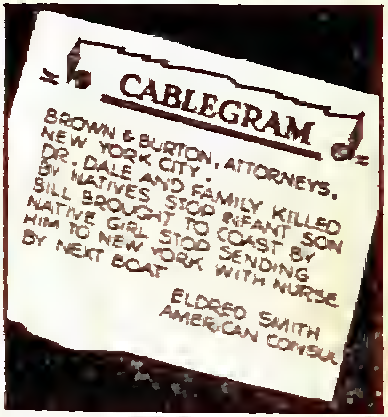
NICKEL COMICS

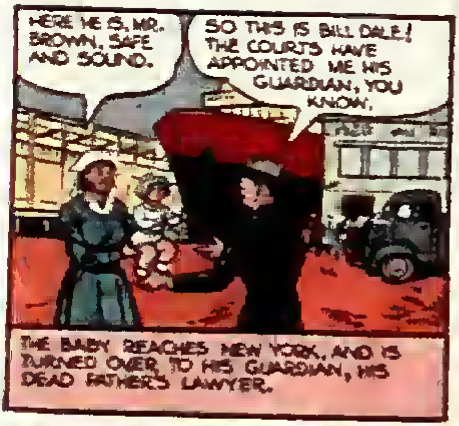
JUNGLE TWINS
RETURNING TO THE GOLD COAST FROM AFRICA'S INTERIOR, DR. WILBUR DALE IS ACCOMPANIED BY HIS WIFE AND HIS TWIN BABY SONS. HOSTILE EYES WATCH THE EXPEDITION.

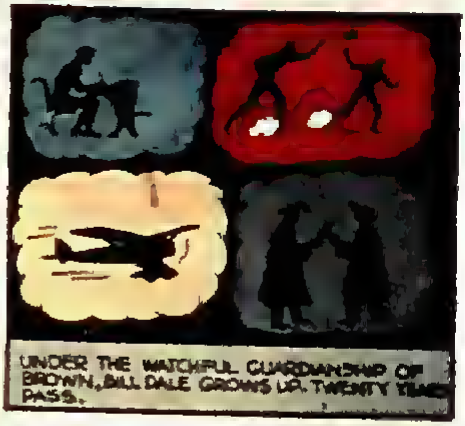
KILL! KILL THE WHITES!
NATIVES.... DOZENS OF THEM! WE'RE LOST!
FEROCIOUS BUSHMEN ATTACK IN SUCH NUMBERS THAT DALE'S GALLANT RESISTANCE IS USELESS.

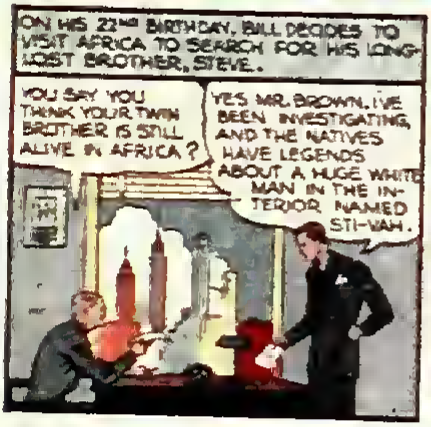

I CANNOT SAVE BOTH OF THE TWINS BABIES... BUT I MAY BE ABLE TO ESCAPE WITH ONE.
MOMA, A FAITHFUL NATIVE SERVANT, FLEES WITH THE INFANT BILL DALE, LEAVING STEPHEN, THE OTHER TWIN, TO ALMOST CERTAIN DEATH.

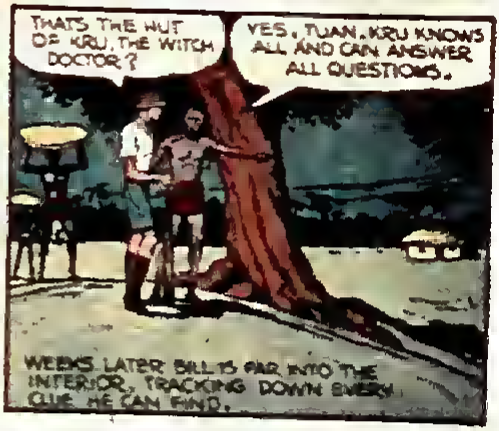

IF I REACH THE COAST, I'LL BE SAFE.
BRAVING THE PERILS OF THE JUNGLE, FORDING CROCODILE-INFESTED STREAMS, MOMA STAGGERS ON DAY AFTER DAY WITH HER CHARGE.

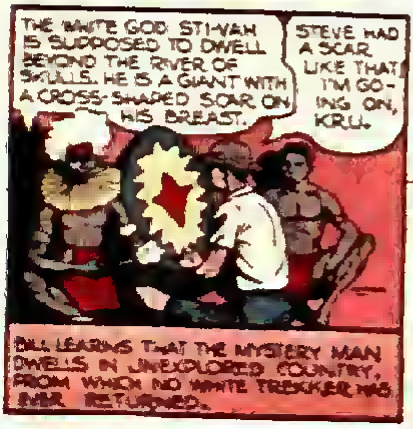

CABLEGRAM
BROWN & BURTON, ATTORNEYS, NEW YORK CITY.
DR. DALE AND FAMILY KILLED BY NATIVES. STOP INFANT SON BILL BROUGHT TO COAST BY NATIVE GIRL STOP COAST SENDING HIM TO NEW YORK WITH NURSE BY NEXT BOAT
ELDRED SMITH
AMERICAN CONSUL

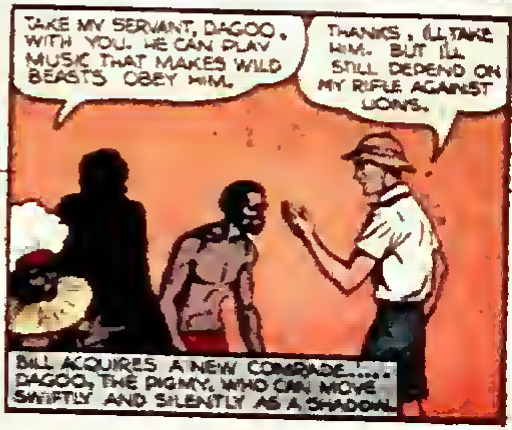

HERE HE IS, MR. BROWN, SAFE AND SOUND.
SO THIS IS BILL DALE! THE COURTS HAVE APPOINTED ME HIS GUARDIAN, YOU KNOW.
THE BABY REACHES NEW YORK, AND IS TURNED OVER TO HIS GUARDIAN, HIS DEAD FATHER'S LAWYER.

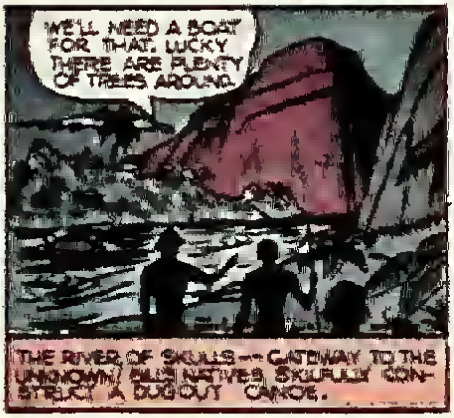

UNDER THE WATCHFUL GUARDIANSHIP OF BROWN, BILL DALE GROWS UP. TWENTY YEARS PASS.


ON HIS 22ND BIRTHDAY, BILL DECIDES TO VISIT AFRICA TO SEARCH FOR HIS LONG-LOST BROTHER, STEVE.
YOU SAY YOU THINK YOUR TWIN BROTHER IS STILL ALIVE IN AFRICA?
YES MR. BROWN. I'VE BEEN INVESTIGATING, AND THE NATIVES HAVE LEGENDS ABOUT A HUGE WHITE MAN IN THE INTERIOR NAMED STI-VAH.

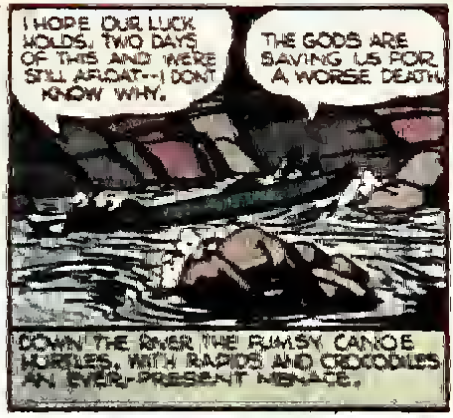

THAT'S THE HUT OF KRU, THE WITCH DOCTOR?
YES, TUAN. KRU KNOWS ALL AND CAN ANSWER ALL QUESTIONS.
WEEKS LATER BILL IS FAR INTO THE INTERIOR, TRACKING DOWN EVERY CLUE HE CAN FIND.

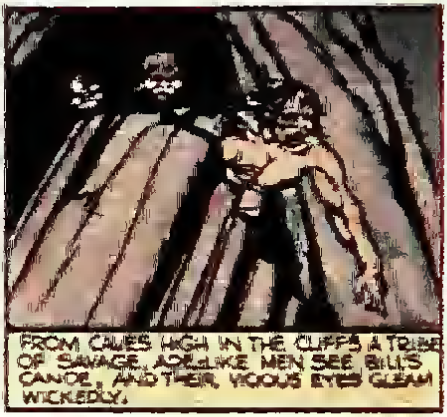

THE WHITE GOD STI-VAH IS SUPPOSED TO DWELL BEYOND THE RIVER OF SKULLS. HE IS A GIANT WITH A CROSS-SHAPED SCAR ON HIS BREAST.
STEVE HAD A SCAR LIKE THAT. I'M GOING ON, KRU.
BILL LEARNS THAT THE MYSTERY MAN DWELLS IN UNEXPLORED COUNTRY, FROM WHICH NO WHITE TREKKER HAS EVER RETURNED.

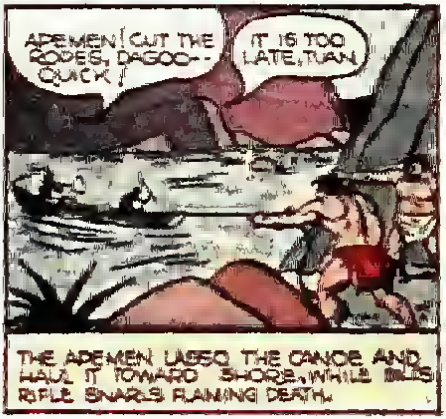

TAKE MY SERVANT, DAGOO, WITH YOU. HE CAN PLAY MUSIC THAT MAKES WILD BEASTS OBEY HIM.
THANKS, I'LL TAKE HIM. BUT I'LL STILL DEPEND ON MY RIFLE AGAINST LIONS.
BILL ACQUIRES A NEW COMRADE..... DAGOO, THE PIGMY, WHO CAN MOVE SWIFTLY AND SILENTLY AS A SHADOW.

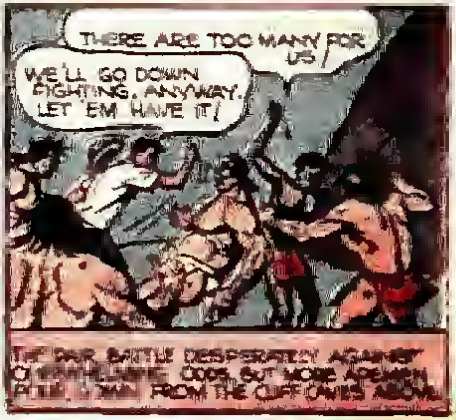

WE'LL NEED A BOAT FOR THAT. LUCKY THERE ARE PLENTY OF TREES AROUND.
THE RIVER OF SKULLS — GATEWAY TO THE UNKNOWN! BILL'S NATIVES SKILLFULLY CONSTRUCT A DUGOUT CANOE.

NO TRACE OF THE BOYS, DAGOO. ARE YOU GAME TO STICK WITH ME?
LET US START, TUAN.
BUT THE NEXT MORNING, BILL'S NATIVES HAVE DESERTED, AFRAID TO PENETRATE THE LAND FROM WHICH FEW MEN HAVE EVER RETURNED.


I HOPE OUR LUCK HOLDS. TWO DAYS OF THIS AND WE'RE STILL AFLOAT — I DON'T KNOW WHY.
THE GODS ARE SAVING US FOR A WORSE DEATH.
DOWN THE RIVER THE FLIMSY CANOE HURTLES, WITH RAPIDS AND CROCODILES AN EVER-PRESENT MENACE.


FROM CAVES HIGH IN THE CLIFFS A TRIBE OF SAVAGE, APE-LIKE MEN SEE BILL'S CANOE, AND THEIR VICIOUS EYES GLEAM WICKEDLY.


APEMEN! CUT THE RODES, DAGOO — QUICK!
IT IS TOO LATE, TUAN.
THE APEMEN LASSO THE CANOE AND HAUL IT TOWARD SHORE, WHILE BILL'S RIFLE SNARLS FLAMING DEATH.


THERE ARE TOO MANY FOR US!
WE'LL GO DOWN FIGHTING, ANYWAY. LET 'EM HAVE IT!
THE FOUR BATTLE DESPERATELY AGAINST OVERWHELMING ODDS, BUT MORE APEMEN PILE DOWN FROM THE CLIFF CAVES ABOVE.

BOUND HAND AND FOOT, THE PRISONERS ARE TAKEN TO THE PLACE OF SACRIFICE, WHERE THE APEMEN WORSHIP THEIR DEVIL-GOD.

TIED TO STAKES, BILL AND DAGOO ARE LEFT AS LIVING SACRIFICES TO THE FEROCIOUS MONSTERS OF THE RIVER.

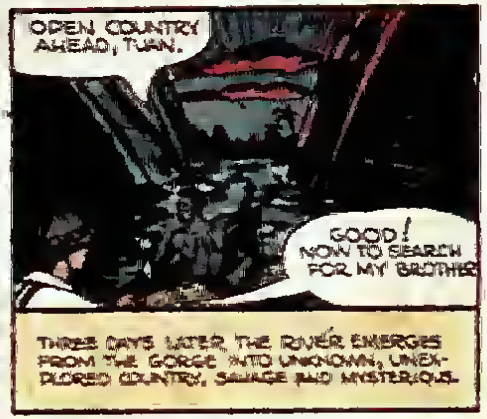
THE DEVIL-GOD OF THE APEMEN--THE GIANT CROCODILE! THE HUNGRY REPTILES CONVERGE UPON THE HELPLESS CAPTIVES.

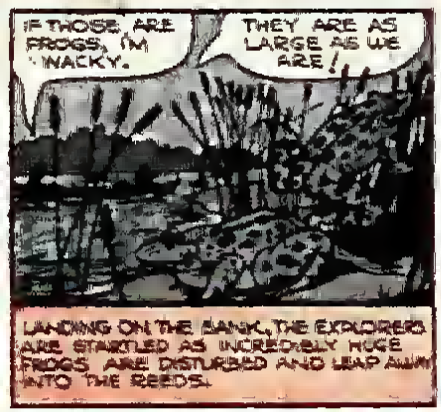
FREEING ONE HAND, THE PYGMY LIFTS TO HIS LIPS THE PIPES OF KRU, THE WITCH-DOCTOR.

DAGOO PLAYS THE WEIRD JUNGLE MUSIC THAT MAKES WILD BEASTS OBEY HIM, AND THE CROCODILES HOPLESSLY SUCCUMB.

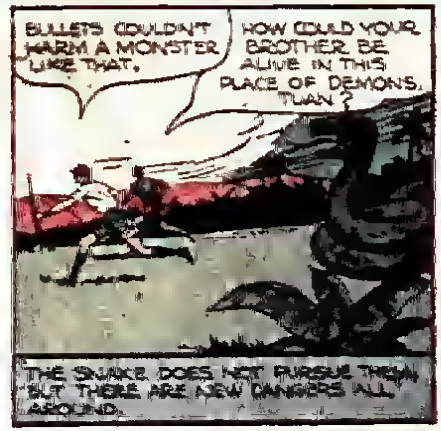
FREEING THEMSELVES, BILL AND THE PYGMY RACE TOWARD THE CANOE AND PUSH IT INTO THE RIVER.

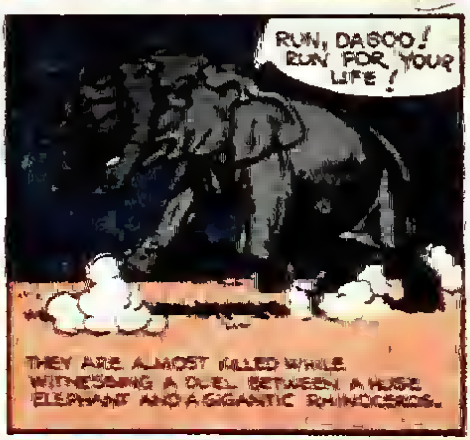
PADDLE FOR ALL YOU'RE WORTH! IF A ROCK HITS US, WE'RE GONERS.
THE FURIOUS APEMEN HURL A BARRAGE OF BOULDERS DOWN AFTER THEIR ESCAPING CAPTIVES, BUT THEIR MARKSMANSHIP IS POOR.

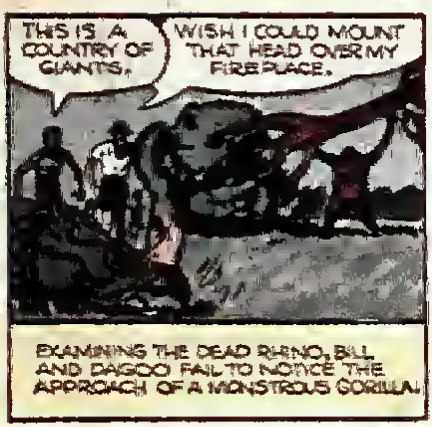

OPEN COUNTRY AHEAD, TUAN.
GOOD! NOW TO SEARCH FOR MY BROTHER
THREE DAYS LATER, THE RIVER EMERGES FROM THE GORGE INTO UNKNOWN, UNEXPLORED COUNTRY, SAVAGE AND MYSTERIOUS.


IF THOSE ARE FROGS, I'M WACKY.
THEY ARE AS LARGE AS WE ARE!
LANDING ON THE BANK, THE EXPLORERS ARE STARTLED AS INCREDIBLY HUGE FROGS ARE DISTURBED AND LEAP AWAY INTO THE REEDS.

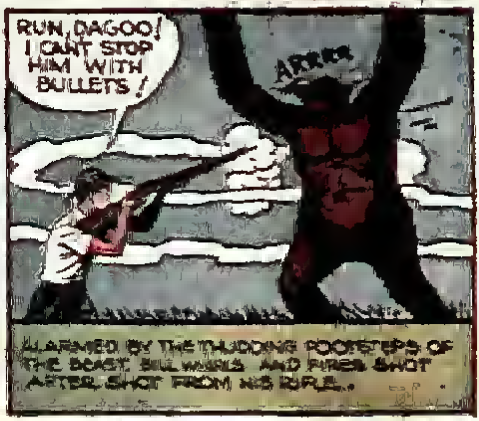
GREAT SCOTT! LOOK AT THAT!
IT IS THE GRANDFATHER OF ALL SNAKES, AND PROBABLY THE DEVIL TOO!
SEARCHING THIS STRANGE LAND OF GIANT BEASTS, THE PAIR FIND DEADLY PERIL FACING THEM AT EVERY STEP.


BULLETS COULDN'T HARM A MONSTER LIKE THAT.
HOW COULD YOUR BROTHER BE ALIVE IN THIS PLACE OF DEMONS, TUAN?
THE SNAKE DOES NOT PURSUE THEM BUT THERE ARE NEW DANGERS ALL AROUND.


RUN, DASOO! RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!
THEY ARE ALMOST KILLED WHILE WITNESSING A DUEL BETWEEN A HUGE ELEPHANT AND A GIGANTIC RHINOCEROS.



EXAMINING THE DEAD RHINO, BILL AND DAGOO FAIL TO NOTICE THE APPROACH OF A MONSTROUS GORILLA.



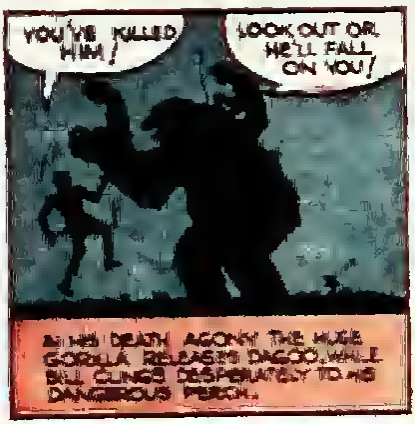
ALARMED BY THE THUDDING FOOTSTEPS OF THE BEAST, BILL WHIRLS AND FIRES SHOT AFTER SHOT FROM HIS RIFLE...

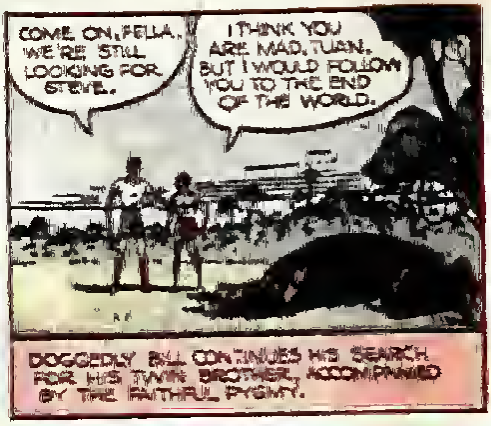
WITH ONE BLOW THE GORILLA HURLS BILL TWENTY FEET, SMASHING THE RIFLE INTO A SPLINTERED RUIN.

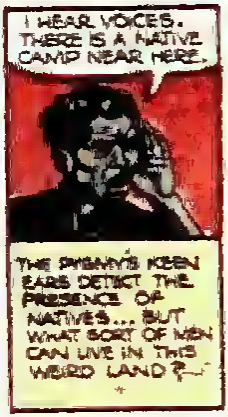
THE PYGMY DROPS HIS KNIFE AS HE IS LIFTED TOWARD THE VICIOUS FANGS OF THE JUNGLE BEAST.

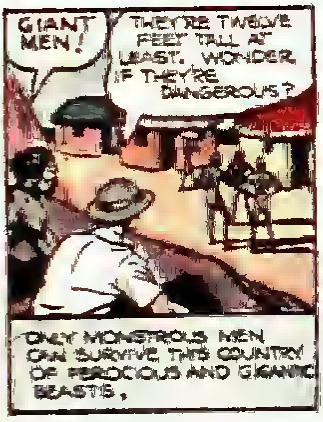
BILL, WITH DAGOO'S KNIFE IN HIS TEETH, LEAPS TO THE RESCUE, SWINGING HIMSELF UP WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH.

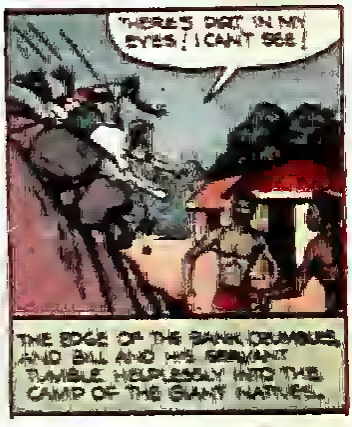
BILL LEAPS UPON THE MONSTER'S BACK AND SINKS HIS KNIFE INTO THE SHAGGY HIDE, SEVERING THE SPINE.

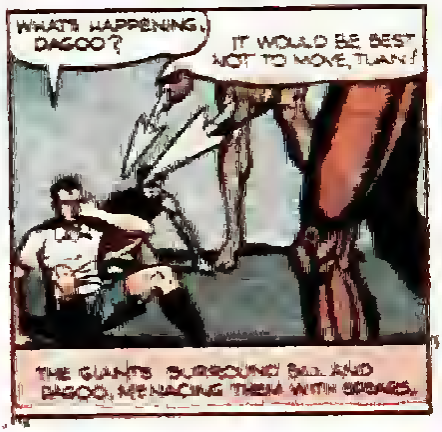

YOU'VE KILLED HIM!
LOOK OUT OR HE'LL FALL ON YOU!
IN HIS DEATH AGONY THE HUGE GORILLA RELEASES DAGOO, WHILE BILL CLINGS DESPERATELY TO HIS DANGEROUS PERCH.

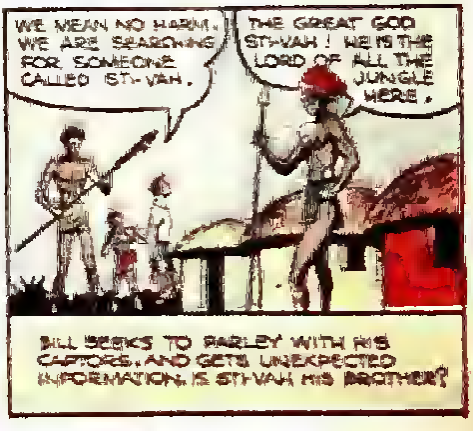

COME ON, FELLA. WE'RE STILL LOOKING FOR STEVE.
I THINK YOU ARE MAD, TUAN. BUT I WOULD FOLLOW YOU TO THE END OF THE WORLD.
DOGGEDLY BILL CONTINUES HIS SEARCH FOR HIS TWIN BROTHER, ACCOMPANIED BY THE FAITHFUL PYGMY.

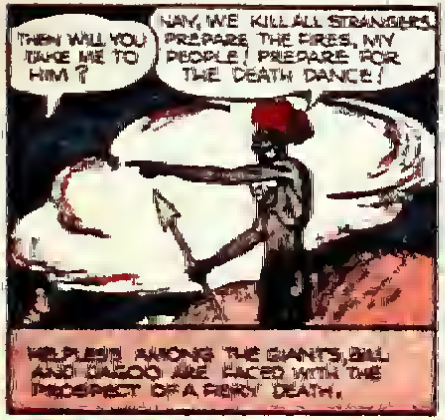

I HEAR VOICES. THERE IS A NATIVE CAMP NEAR HERE.
THE PYGMY'S KEEN EARS DETECT THE PRESENCE OF NATIVES... BUT WHAT SORT OF MEN CAN LIVE IN THIS WEIRD LAND?

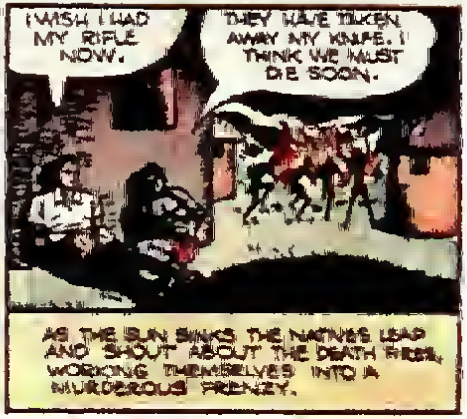

GIANT MEN!
THEY'RE TWELVE FEET TALL AT LEAST. WONDER IF THEY'RE DANGEROUS?
ONLY MONSTROUS MEN CAN SURVIVE THIS COUNTRY OF FEROCIOUS AND GIGANTIC BEASTS.


THERE'S DIRT IN MY EYES! I CAN'T SEE!
THE EDGE OF THE JUNGLE CRUMBLES, AND BILL AND HIS SERVANT TUMBLE HELPLESSLY INTO THE CAMP OF THE GIANT NATIVES.


WHAT'S HAPPENING, DAGOO?
IT WOULD BE BEST NOT TO MOVE, TUAN!
THE GIANTS SURROUND BILL AND DAGOO, MENACING THEM WITH SPEARS.

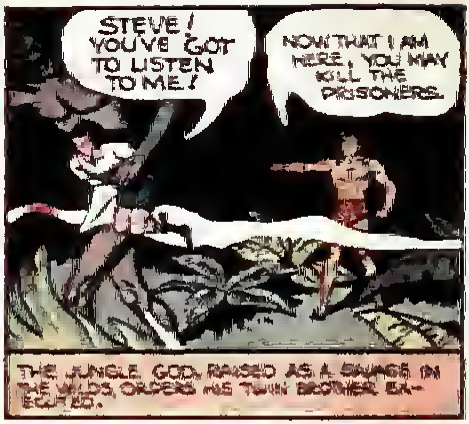

WE MEAN NO HARM. WE ARE SEARCHING FOR SOMEONE CALLED ISTI-VAH.
THE GREAT GOD STI-VAH! HE IS THE LORD OF ALL THE JUNGLE HERE.
BILL SEEKS TO PARLEY WITH HIS CAPTORS, AND GETS UNEXPECTED INFORMATION. IS STI-VAH HIS BROTHER?

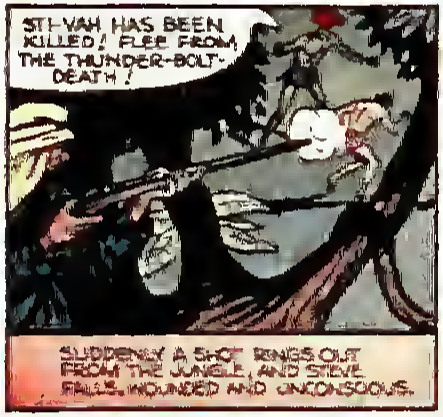


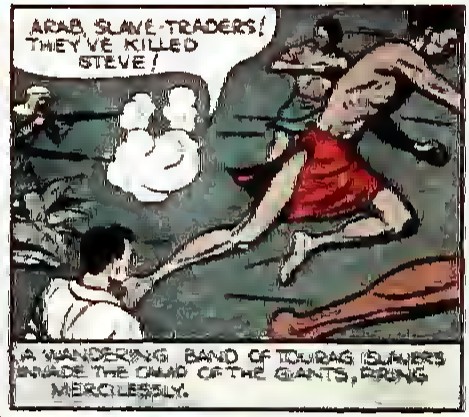


BILL RECOGNIZES HIS TWIN BROTHER STEVE BY THE CROSS-SHAPED SCAR ON HIS BREAST. STEVE IS THE MYSTERIOUS GOD OF THIS STRANGE LAND!

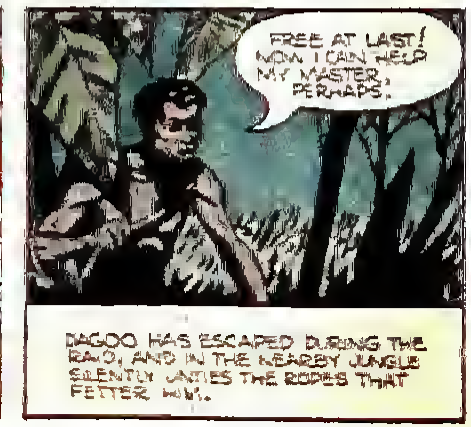
STEVE, DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME? I'M YOUR BROTHER.
I HAVE NO BROTHER. I WAS BORN IN THE JUNGLE.
STI-VAH, REMEMBERING NOTHING OF HIS FORMER LIFE, FAILS TO RECOGNIZE HIS TWIN.

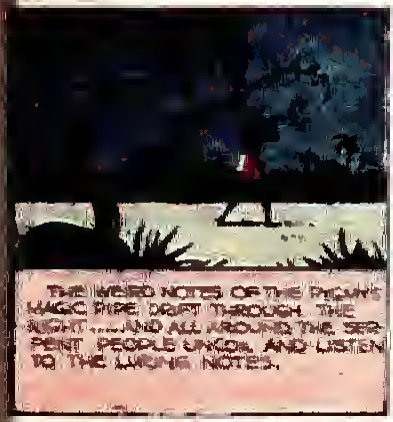

STEVE! YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN TO ME!
NOW THAT I AM HERE, YOU MAY KILL THE PRISONERS.
THE JUNGLE GOD, RAISED AS A STRANGE IN THE WILDS, ORDERS HIS TWIN BROTHER EXECUTED.

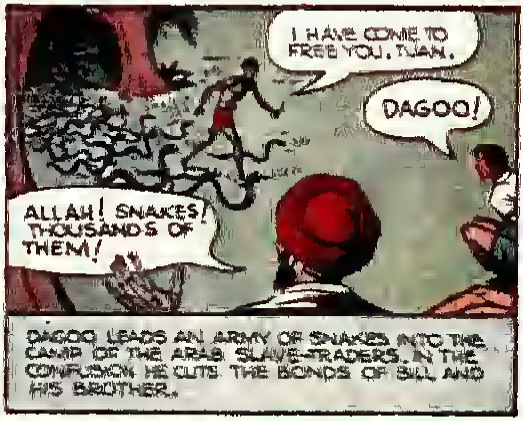

STI-VAH HAS BEEN KILLED! FLEE FROM THE THUNDER-BOLT-DEATH!
SUDDENLY A SHOT RINGS OUT FROM THE JUNGLE, AND STEVE FALLS, WOUNDED AND UNCONSCIOUS.

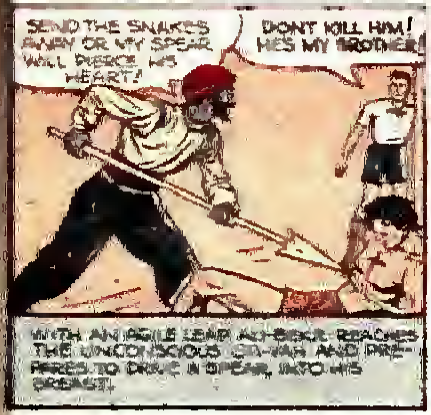

ARAB SLAVE-TRADERS! THEY'VE KILLED STEVE!
A WANDERING BAND OF TOURAG ISLANDERS INVADE THE CAMP OF THE GIANTS, FIRING MERCILESSLY.

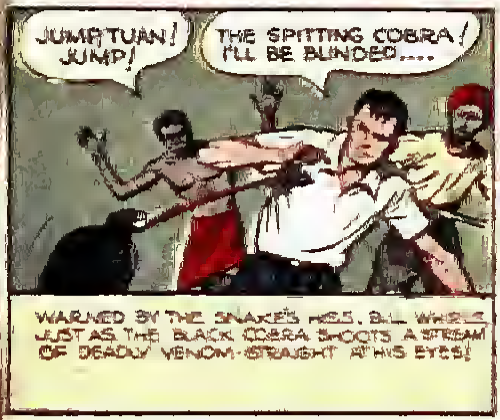
HE IS NOT SEVERLY WOUNDED, ALI BEKR. BOTH MEN WILL LIVE.
GOOD! THEY WILL FETCH A HIGH PRICE IN THE SLAVE MARTS.
WELL, YOU DIDN'T GET DAGOO, ANY WAY.
LATER, IN THE DESERTED NATIVE CAMP, THE CHIEF OF THE ARABS GLOATS OVER HIS CAPTIVES... BUT WHERE IS THE PYGMY?


FREE AT LAST! NOW I CAN HELP MY MASTER, PERHAPS.
DAGOO HAS ESCAPED DURING THE RAID, AND IN THE NEARBY JUNGLE SILENTLY UNTIES THE ROPES THAT FETTER HIM.







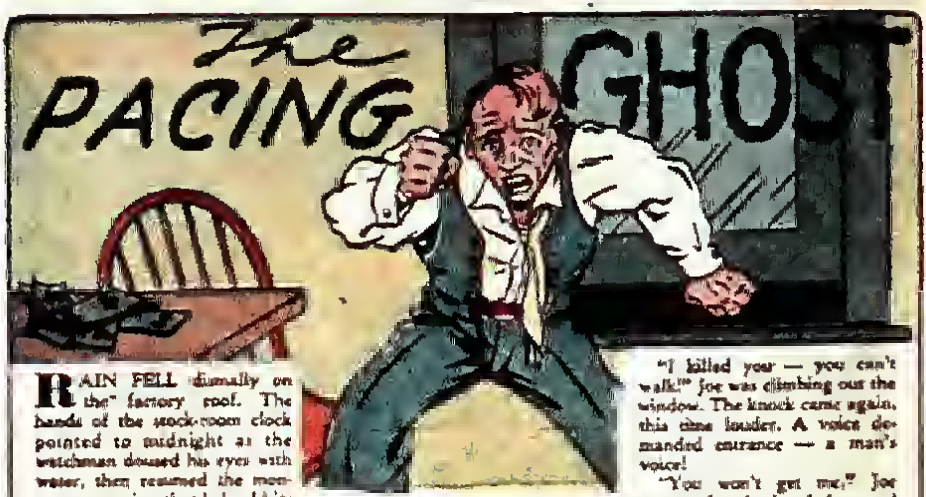


CAN BILL ESCAPE BLINDNESS AND DEATH? CAN HE SAVE HIS TWIN BROTHER FROM THE SPEAR OF ALI BEKR? WHAT NEW PERILS AWAIT THE JUNGLE TWINS IN THE MYSTERIOUS HEART OF AFRICA?

FIND OUT IN THE NEXT EXCITING ISSUE OF

NICKEL COMICS

The PACING GHOST



RAIN FELL dismally on the factory roof. The hands of the stock-room clock pointed to midnight as the watchman doused his eyes with water, then resumed the monotonous pacing that helped him pass the night hours. Back and forth, back and forth . . . He did not see a shadow slink from behind the door, a shadow that held a pistol.

Joe Feres, the ratty gangster, was nervous. If the watchman ever stopped that crazy tramping, he'd strike. Finally it did stop. The man was lighting a cigarette. Joe sprang, struck with his gun-butt. The watchman crumpled and fell, moaning. Stooping, Joe struck again —again.

"You're through walkin' back and forth," Joe growled huskily. "You almost drove me nuts."

Quickly the gangster cracked the safe and lifted out fifteen thousand dollars in packaged bills. Quickly he scurried away.

ONCE IN HIS shabby room, Joe Feres had time to gloat. He fingered the great sheafs of money—his mind held visions of bright lights and pretty girls.

"First real dough I've had in years," he chuckled. "I'll be on easy street—huh! What was that?" He gazed quickly around, eyes wide, "It was a pattering—rain, maybe—"

But there it was again. And he'd heard it even earlier that night—in the factory! Somebody—something—paced back and forth—Very close, very stealthy—

"But the guy's dead!" Joe gasped brokenly. "I killed that pacing watchman—now he's *following me around!*"

But his raving didn't stop the noise. It continued with a regular pat-pat-pat, back and forth, back and forth! By this time the money was forgotten. Joe forgot everything — everything except a patting, blood-chilling sound. Now it seemed close, now it faded away—but always it returned.

"Oh, no. It can't be," he wheezed. "Dead men don't walk. When they're dead they should be buried! It's not right, it's not right—!"

FOOTSTEPS AGAIN. This time on the stairs, and approaching slowly up the hall. Joe backed toward the window. His breath was coming fast and his hair was in a tangled wet mass over his eyes. His hands were shaking more than ever now.

"Stay away," he cried. "Stay away! You can have your money back. Just keep away from me!"

The window was open, and the cold night air blew in on his back, sending chills along his spine. He could hear the footsteps coming closer and closer. Finally they stopped, and Joe fairly burst with fright. There was a knock on the door.

"I killed you — you can't walk!" Joe was climbing out the window. The knock came again, this time louder. A voice demanded entrance — a man's voice!

"You won't get me," Joe screamed as he hurtled toward the street. "I killed you, but you'll never get me!"

The mad screaming stopped short as he banged down to the pavement in a gruesome heap. A ten-story fall had saved Joe from the demon at the door.

The cop on the beat went tearing up the stairs to find a man in pajamas pounding on the door of Joe's room.

"Open up in there," the man yelled. "What's the matter with you?"

"That's what I want to know," chimed in the cop. "What is the matter in there? A man just jumped out of the window, and darn near fell on me!"

The man in the checkered pajamas ceased his furious pounding and turned to the patrolman.

"I don't know, officer," came his amazed tone. "I'm the roomer from upstairs. I only came down to tell Mr. Feres that the plumber couldn't fix the bath tub today and that the steady leaking might knock the plaster down on his head. You know, just a friendly warning."

The cop turned away and scratched his head in a puzzled manner. Small wrinkles played in his forehead.

"Yeah, I know. Some guys must be nuts."

THE END

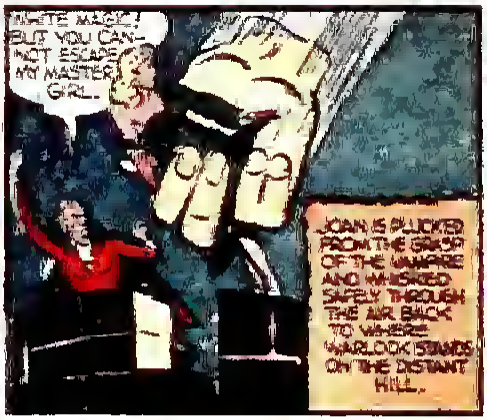
UNTRINGLY THE WIZARD FOLLOWS HUGIN INTO THE HEART OF A BLEAK AND MOUNTAINOUS LAND.

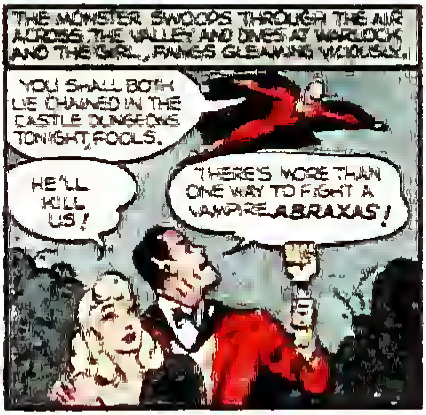
AT HIS DESTINATION WARLOCK STARES WITH AMAZEMENT AT A GIGANTIC FORTRESS TOWERING ABOVE THE VILLAGE IN THE VALLEY.

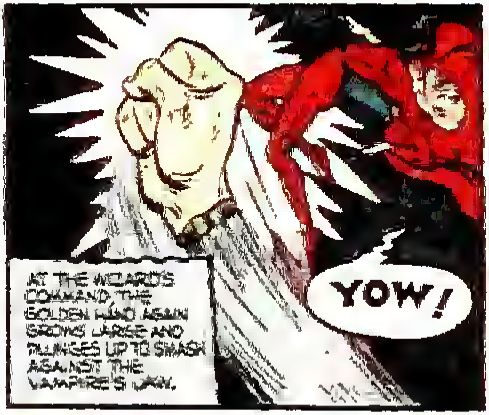
THE WIZARD'S KEEN EYE SEES A STRANGE SIGHT ON A TOWER OF THE DISTANT CASTLE WHERE A GIRL IS STRUGGLING TO ESCAPE FROM A VAMPIRE.

WARLOCK HOLDS UP HIS MAGIC STAFF AND SHOUTS A WORD OF POWER. THE ENCHANTED HAND SLOWLY OPENS.

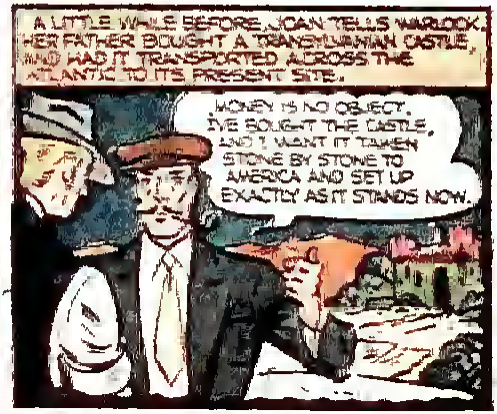
BRING THE GIRL SAFELY TO MY SIDE.
GROWING TO GIANT SIZE, THE GOLDEN HAND FLASHES ACROSS THE VALLEY TOWARD THE CASTLE.


WHITE MAGIC! BUT YOU CAN-NOT ESCAPE MY MASTER, GIRL.
JOAN IS PLUCKED FROM THE GRASP OF THE VAMPIRE AND WHISKED SAFELY THROUGH THE AIR BACK TO WHERE WARLOCK STANDS ON THE DISTANT HILL.


THE MONSTER SWOOPS THROUGH THE AIR ACROSS THE VALLEY AND DIVES AT WARLOCK AND THE GIRL, FANGS GLEAMING VICIOUSLY.
YOU SHALL BOTH LIE CHAINED IN THE CASTLE DUNGEONS TONIGHT, FOOLS.
HE'LL KILL US!
THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO FIGHT A VAMPIRE, ABRAXAS!


AT THE WIZARD'S COMMAND THE GOLDEN HAND AGAIN GROWS LARGE AND PLUNGES UP TO SMASH AGAINST THE VAMPIRE'S JAW.
YOW!

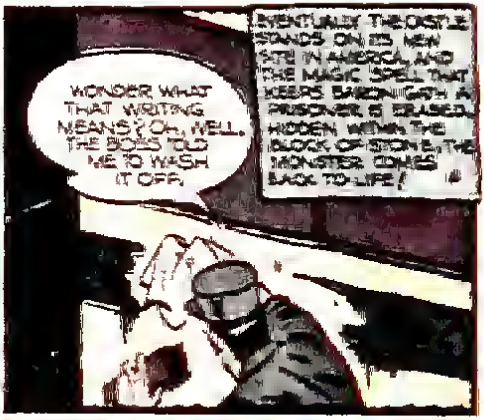
HE WON'T BE BACK IN A HURRY. NOW TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT.
I'M JOAN SCOTT. MY FATHER'S IN THE CASTLE DUNGEONS, A CAPTIVE OF BARON GATH. YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME!
AS THE VAMPIRE FLEES, WARLOCK LEADS THE GIRL DOWN THE PATH TO THE VILLAGE AND LEARNS HER FANTASTIC STORY.


A LITTLE WHILE BEFORE, JOAN TELLS WARLOCK, HER FATHER BOUGHT A TRANSYLVANIAN CASTLE, AND HAD IT TRANSPORTED ACROSS THE ATLANTIC TO ITS PRESENT SITE.
MONEY IS NO OBJECT. I'VE BOUGHT THE CASTLE, AND I WANT IT TAKEN STONE BY STONE TO AMERICA AND SET UP EXACTLY AS IT STANDS NOW.

SCOTT HAS IGNORED THE WARNINGS OF THE TRANSYLVANIAN PEASANTS, WHO STILL BELIEVE LEGENDS OF THE DREAD BARON GATH, LORD OF EVIL...

THAT WAS THE HOME OF BARON GATH, WHO VANISHED 200 YEARS AGO. HE WAS A BLACK MAGICIAN, AND MEN SAY HE STILL SLEEPS IN THE CASTLE.

WELL... DON'T THINK WE'LL WAKE UP. GET BUSY.



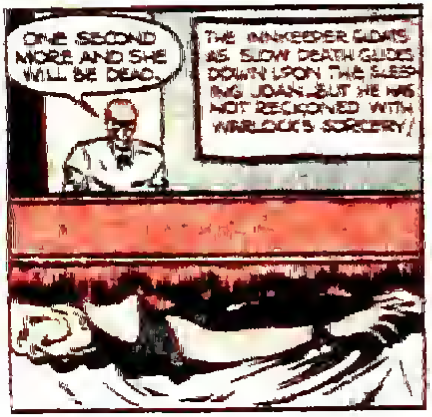
BURSTING FROM HIS TOMB, THE BARON KILLS THE SERVANT AND CALLS UP AN ARMY OF DEMONS TO SERVE HIM. HE HOLDS ANDREW SCOTT A PRISONER IN THE DUNGEONS...

TREACHERY! I SHOULD NOT HAVE TRUSTED THAT INN KEEPER.
WARLOCK RACES BACK TOWARD THE VILLAGE, REALIZING THAT HIS MISTAKE MAY BE FATAL TO THE GIRL.

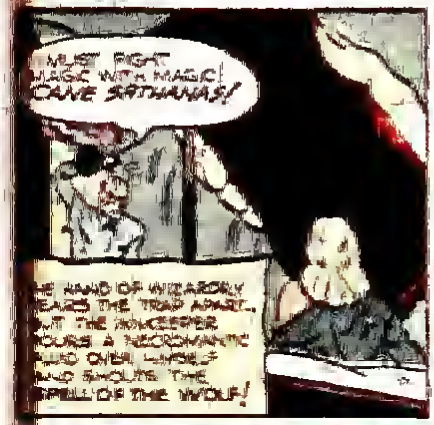
GOOD! SHE SLEEPS! SHE WILL NEVER WAKEN NOW.
THE INNKEEPER, A SERVANT OF THE BARON, PULLS A LEVER AND SLOWLY THE HEAVY CANOPY ABOVE JOAN GLIDES DOWN TO SMOTHER HER.

AN UNSCALABLE MAGIC WALL SUDDENLY RISES FROM THE GROUND BEFORE WARLOCK, HALTING HIM. HE USES THE ENCHANTED WAND.
THE GOLDEN HAND MUST AID ME SINCE I CANNOT CLIMB THIS.

THE GOLDEN HAND SMASHES A GAP IN THE WALL AND OPENS THE ROAD FOR THE WIZARD.
ABRAXAS! GUARD THE GIRL... SWIFTLY!

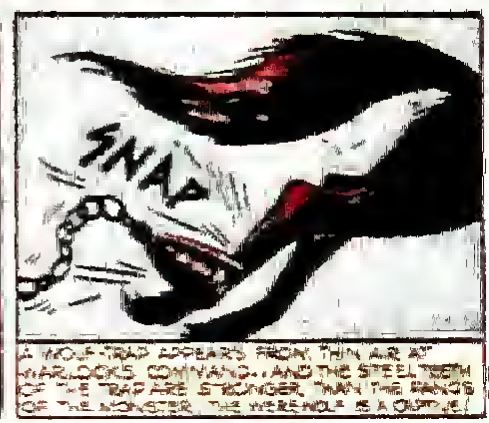

ONE SECOND MORE AND SHE WILL BE DEAD.
THE INNKEEPER SMIRKS AS SLOW DEATH GLIDES DOWN UPON THE SLEEPING JOAN. BUT HE HAS NOT RECKONED WITH WARLOCK'S SORCERY!

WHITE MAGIC! A GIANT HAND..
CLENCHED, THE HUGE GOLDEN HAND BURSTS INTO THE ROOM OF DOOM, GUIDED BY THE WIZARDS SPELLS.


I MUST FIGHT MAGIC WITH MAGIC! CAVE SATHANAS!
THE HAND OF WIZARDRY TEARS THE TRAP APART... BUT THE INNKEEPER COURSE A NECROMANTIC CLOUD OVER HIMSELF AND SHOUTS THE SPELL OF THE WOLF!

BEWARE THE WEREWOLF, WIZARD! MY FANGS ARE SHARP!
JUST A MINUTE, JOAN, TILL I TAKE CARE OF THIS DEVIL.
WARLOCK!
AS WARLOCK ENTERS, THE INNKEEPER ASSUMES THE FORM OF A GIANT, FEROCIOUS WERE-WOLF, HOWLING FOR THE BLOOD OF A VICTIM.

THE YELLING WEREWOLF LEAPS TOWARD WARLOCK... AND THE WIZARD, RAISING HIS GOLDEN HAND, SHOUTS THE ENCHANTED WORD.
ABRAXAS! TEETH TO FIGHT TEETH!

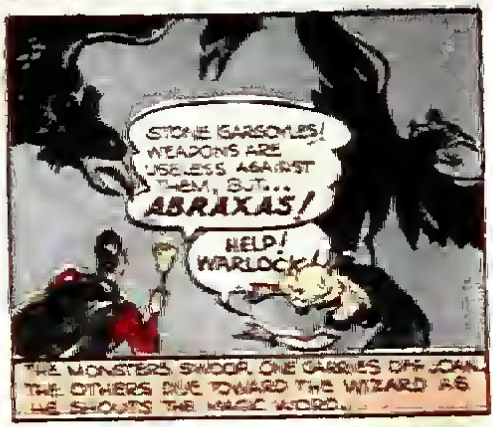

SNAP
A WOLF-TRAP APPEARS FROM THIN AIR AT WARLOCK'S COMMAND... AND THE STEEL TEETH OF THE TRAP ARE STRONGER THAN THE FANGS OF THE MONSTER. THE WEREWOLF IS A CAPTIVE!

COME ALONG, JOAN. YOU'LL BE SAFER WITH ME.
YOU SAVED MY LIFE, WARLOCK.
LEAVING THE WOLF FETTERED, THE WIZARD AWAYS WITH JOAN, SINCE HE DARES NOT LEAVE HER ALONE. TOGETHER THEY MUST GO TO THE HAUNTED CASTLE.

WHY DON'T YOU KILL ME? WHY KEEP ME ALIVE TO TORTURE ME?
SILENCE! WE HAVE VISITORS. I MUST PREPARE TO GREET THEM.
DEEP IN THE CASTLE DUNGEONS, BARON GAIN TURNS FROM GLOATING OVER HIS CAPTIVE, SCOTT, AS HIS SORCERY WARNS HIM OF WARLOCK'S APPROACH.

A WHITE MAGICIAN! MY GARGOYLES SHALL WELCOME HIM. WAKE!! MY STONE DEMONS!
FROM A TOWER, THE BARON WATCHES HIS VISITORS APPROACH. UNDER THE POWER OF HIS GLANCE THE HIDEOUS STONE STATUES COME TO LIFE.

FLY SWIFTLY AND SLAY THEM!
WARLOCK DOES NOT SEE THE TERRIBLE, HUGE GARGOYLES PLUNGE FROM THE TOWER TOP AT THE COMMAND OF THEIR DREAD MASTER.


STONE GARGOYLES! WEAPONS ARE USELESS AGAINST THEM, BUT... ABRAXAS!
HELP! WARLOCK!
THE MONSTERS SWOOP. ONE CARRIES OFF JOAN. THE OTHERS DIVE TOWARD THE WIZARD AS HE SHOUTS THE MAGIC WORD...

INSTANTLY A DOME OF SUPER-HARD STEEL FORMS A SHIELD OVER WARLOCK, AND THE STONE MONSTERS CRASH AGAINST IT AND ARE DESTROYED.

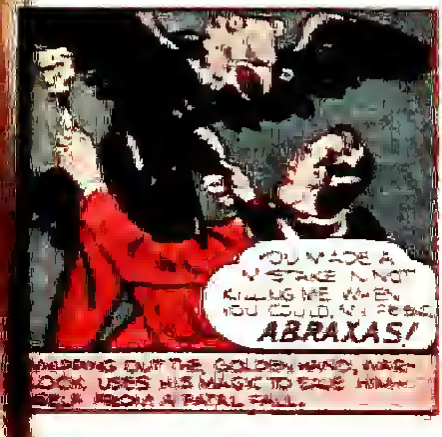
ONLY ONE GARGOYLE IS LEFT. IT FLIES BACK TOWARD THE TOWER, AS THE STEEL DOME VANISHES, LEAVING NO TRACE OF WARLOCK. WHERE IS THE WIZARD?

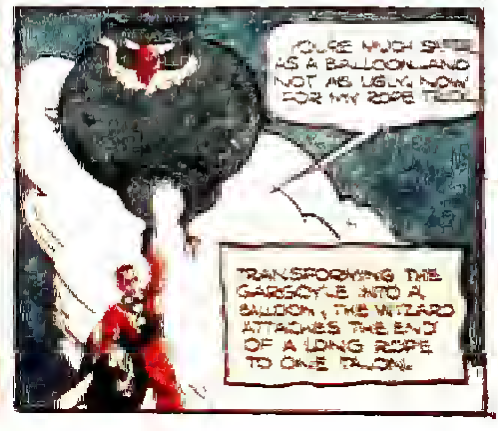
WHERE'S WARLOCK? YOU'VE KILLED HIM!
I HOPE SO... BUT I DON'T SEE HIS BODY. YET YOU ARE MY CAPTIVE AGAIN!
JOAN'S CAPTOR, DROPS HER INTO THE GARGOYLE ARMS AS THE OTHER GARGOYLE SWOOPS TOWARD THE ROOF.

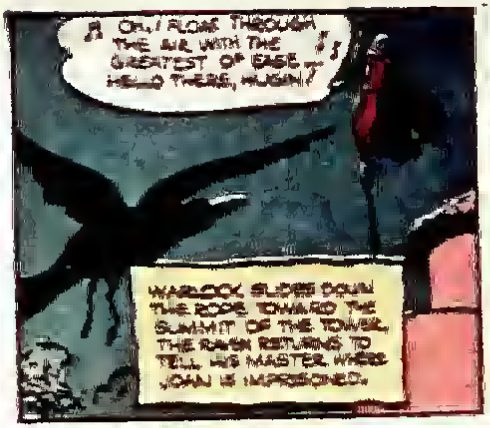
NOT SO FAST, THERE, BARON!
THE WIZARD!
WARLOCK!
WARLOCK, WHO HAS TRANSFORMED HIMSELF INTO A GARGOYLE, RESCUES HIS DOUBTFUL FRIEND AND LEAPS TOWARD BARON GARTH.

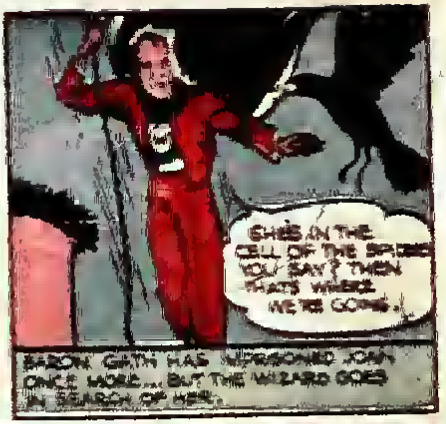
SLAY HIM SWIFTLY!
THE BARON ORDERS HIS LAST GARGOYLE TO KILL WARLOCK, WHO HAS NO TIME TO USE HIS GOLDEN HAND.

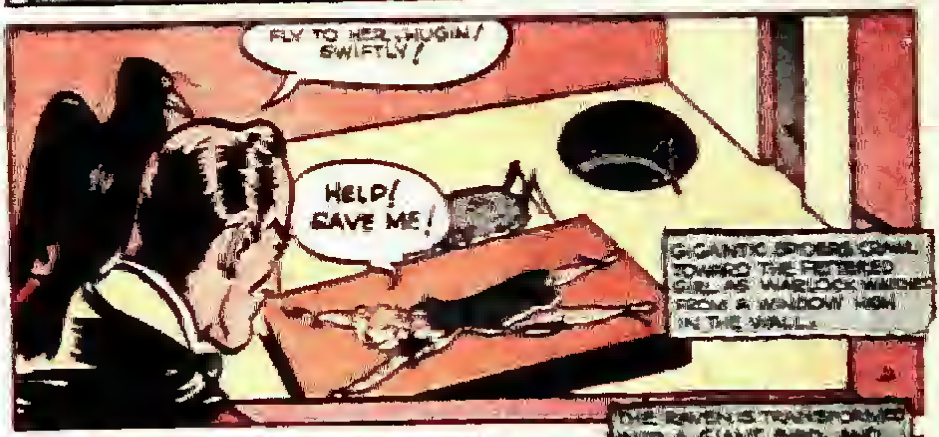
A FALL FROM SUCH A HEIGHT WILL KILL YOUR WIZARD FRIEND.
YOU DEVIL! LET GO!
AS THE GARGOYLE CARRIES WARLOCK HIGH INTO THE AIR, BARON GARTH DISPOSES WITH JOAN.

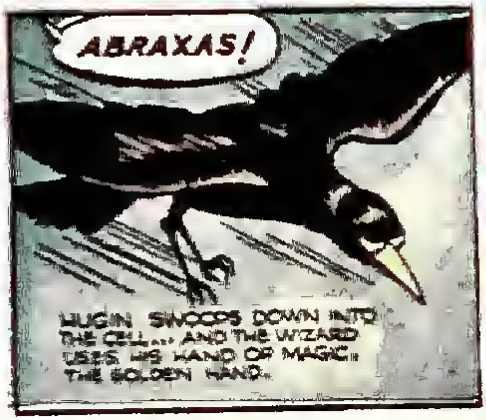

YOU MADE A MISTAKE IN NOT KILLING ME WHEN YOU COULD, MY PESKY ABRAXAS!
WALLOPING OUT THE GOLDEN HAND, WARLOCK USES HIS MAGIC TO SAVE HIMSELF FROM A FATAL FALL.


YOU'RE MUCH SWEETER AS A BALLOON AND NOT AS UGLY. NOW FOR MY ROPE TRICK.
TRANSFORMING THE GARGOYLE INTO A BALLOON, THE WIZARD ATTACHES THE END OF A LONG ROPE TO ONE TALON.

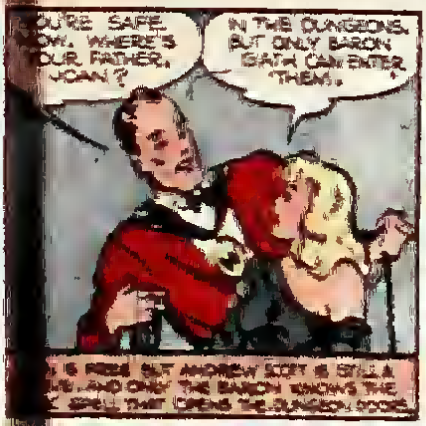

OH! I FLOW THROUGH THE AIR WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE... HELLO THERE, HUGIN!
WARLOCK SLIDES DOWN THE ROPE TOWARD THE SUMMIT OF THE TOWER. THE RAVEN RETURNS TO TELL HIS MASTER WHERE JOAN IS IMPRISONED.


SHE'S IN THE CELL OF THE SPIDER YOU SAY? THEN THAT'S WHERE WE'RE GOING.
BARON GRIM HAS IMPRISONED JOAN ONCE MORE... BUT THE WIZARD GOES IN SEARCH OF HER.


FLY TO HER, HUGIN! SWIFTLY!
HELP! SAVE ME!
GIGANTIC SPIDERS CRAWL TOWARD THE FETTERED GIRL AS WARLOCK WATCHES FROM A WINDOW HIGH IN THE WALL.


ABRAXAS!
HUGIN SWOOPS DOWN INTO THE CELL... AND THE WIZARD USES HIS HAND OF MAGIC... THE GOLDEN HAND.

THE RAVEN IS TRANSFORMED INTO A GIANT BIRD AND HE GOBBLES DOWN THE SPIDERS HUNGRILY AS WARLOCK FREES JOAN.
WARLOCK! YOU'RE ALIVE!
YES... JOAN.

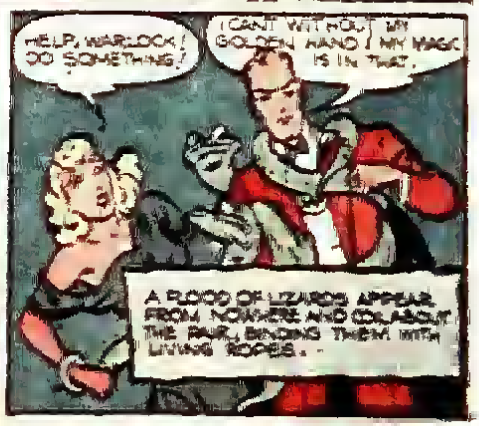

YOU'RE SAFE NOW. WHERE'S YOUR FATHER, JOAN?
IN THE DUNGEONS, BUT ONLY BARON GATH CAN ENTER THEM.
IS FREE BUT ANDREW SCOTT IS STILL A PRISONER, AND ONLY THE BARON KNOWS THE SPELL THAT OPENS THE DUNGEON DOORS.

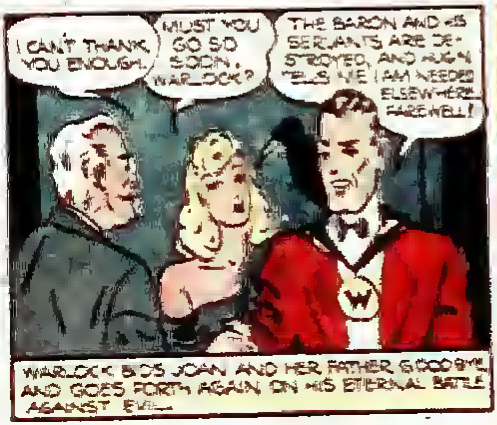
THAT'S FUNNY. ALL THE DOORS ARE OPEN.
OH, HURRY, WARLOCK. I HOPE DAD'S STILL ALIVE!
BUT THE TWO PENETRATE THE SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGES BENEATH THE CASTLE WITHOUT DIFFICULTY, AND WITHOUT MEETING A SOUL.

YOU HAVE HEARD MY COMMAND. NOW GO—AND DO NOT FAIL.
IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITADEL, BARON GATH GIVES ORDERS TO ONE OF HIS DREADFUL SERVANTS.

JOAN! THEY HAVEN'T KILLED YOU!
DAD... WE'VE COME TO SAVE YOU!
LET'S HURRY. THIS MAY BE A TRAP.
THEY REACH SCOTT'S DUNGEON AND RACE TOWARD HIM WHILE GLITTERING SERPENT EYES WATCH MENACINGLY, HIDDEN IN THE SHADOWS.

THE GOLDEN HAND! THE LIZARDS STOLE IT!
THE BARON'S SERPENT STEALS WARLOCK'S MAGIC WAND AND FLEES BEFORE HE CAN RECAPTURE IT.


HELP, WARLOCK! DO SOMETHING!
I CAN'T WITHOUT MY GOLDEN HAND! MY MAGIC IS IN THAT.
A FLOOD OF LIZARDS APPEAR FROM NOWHERE AND COLLAPSE THE PAIR, BINDING THEM WITH LIVING ROPES.



WHAT WILL WARLOCK FIND? WHAT DARK POWERS OF MAGIC MUST HE FIGHT? WHAT DREADFUL SORCERY WILL MENACE HIM? FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF WARLOCK THE WIZARD AND HUGIN AS HE USES THE GOLDEN HAND AND THE LAMP OF THE GODS AGAINST THE MENACE OF BLACK MAGIC!

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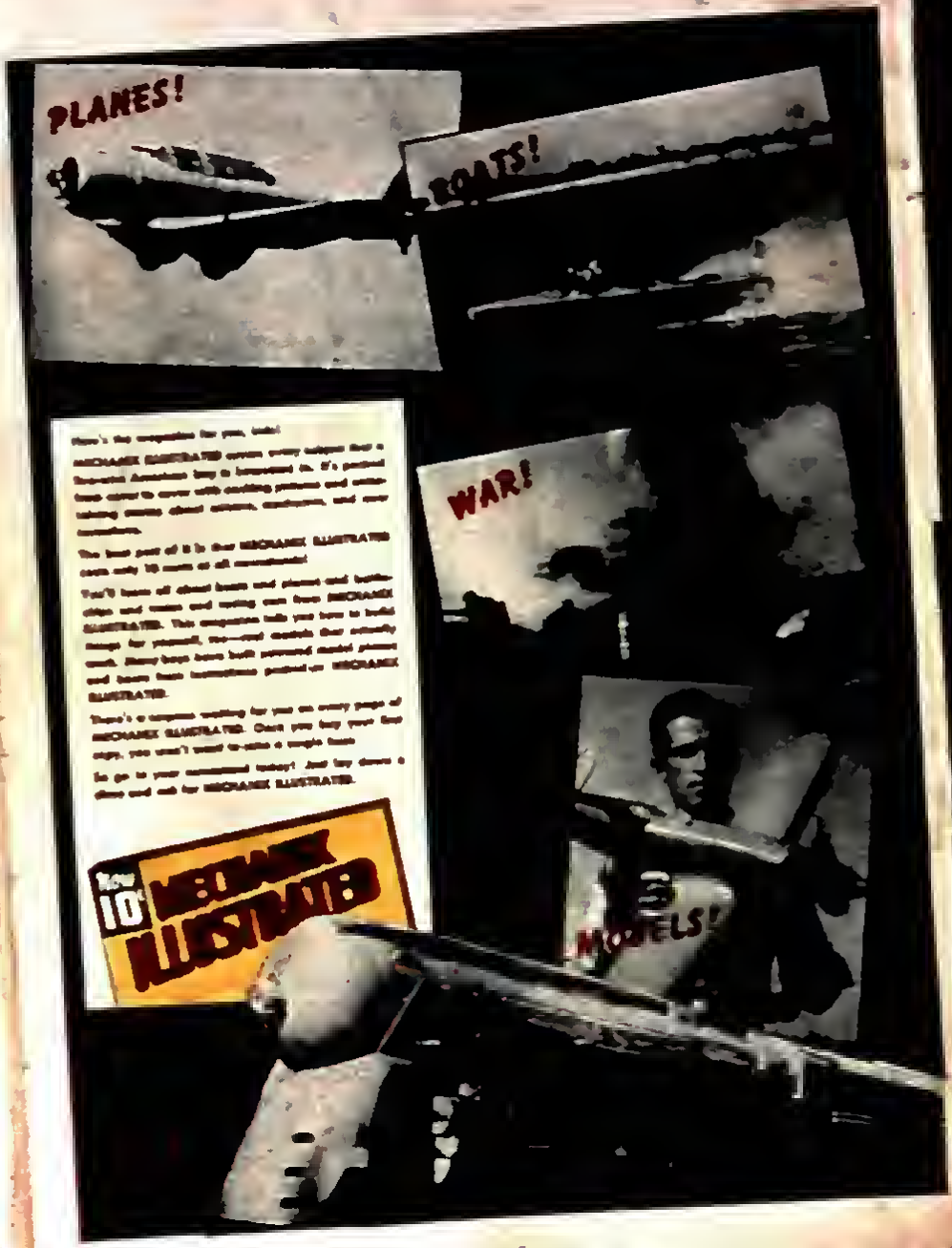
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